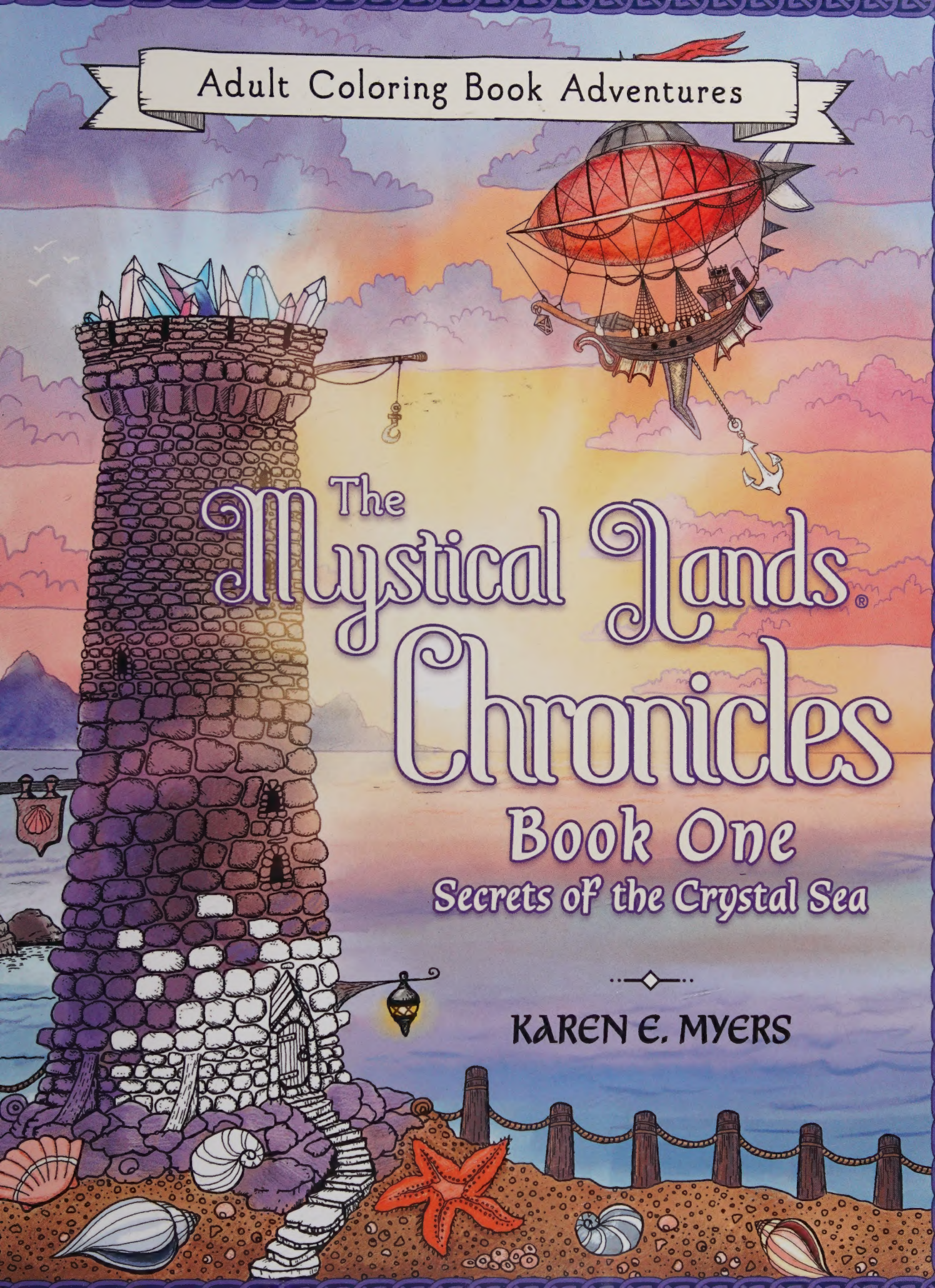


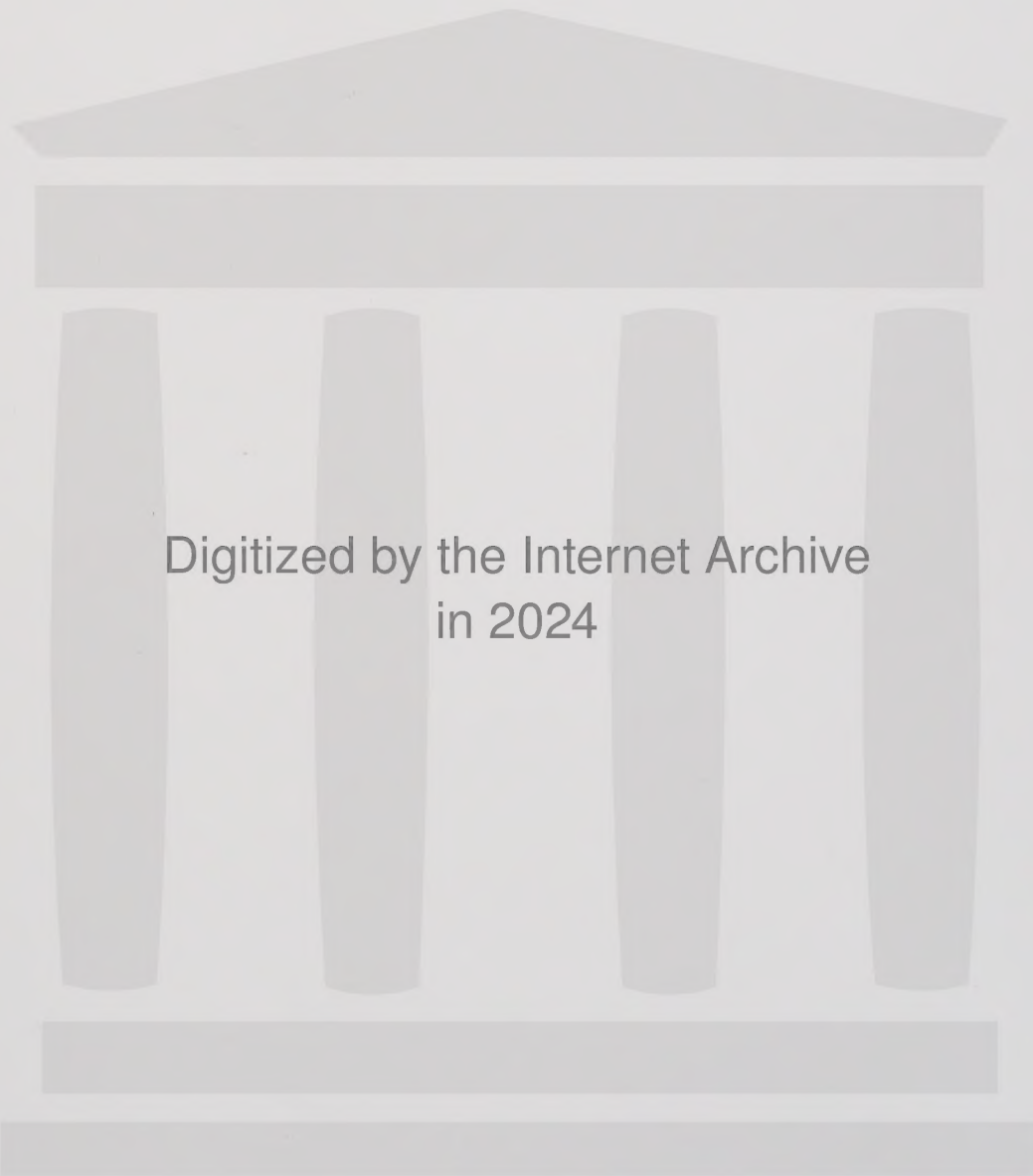


Adult Coloring Book Adventures

The
Mystical Lands[®]
Chronicles

Book One
Secrets of the Crystal Sea

—◆—
KAREN E. MYERS



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The Mystical Lands of Uchana Series

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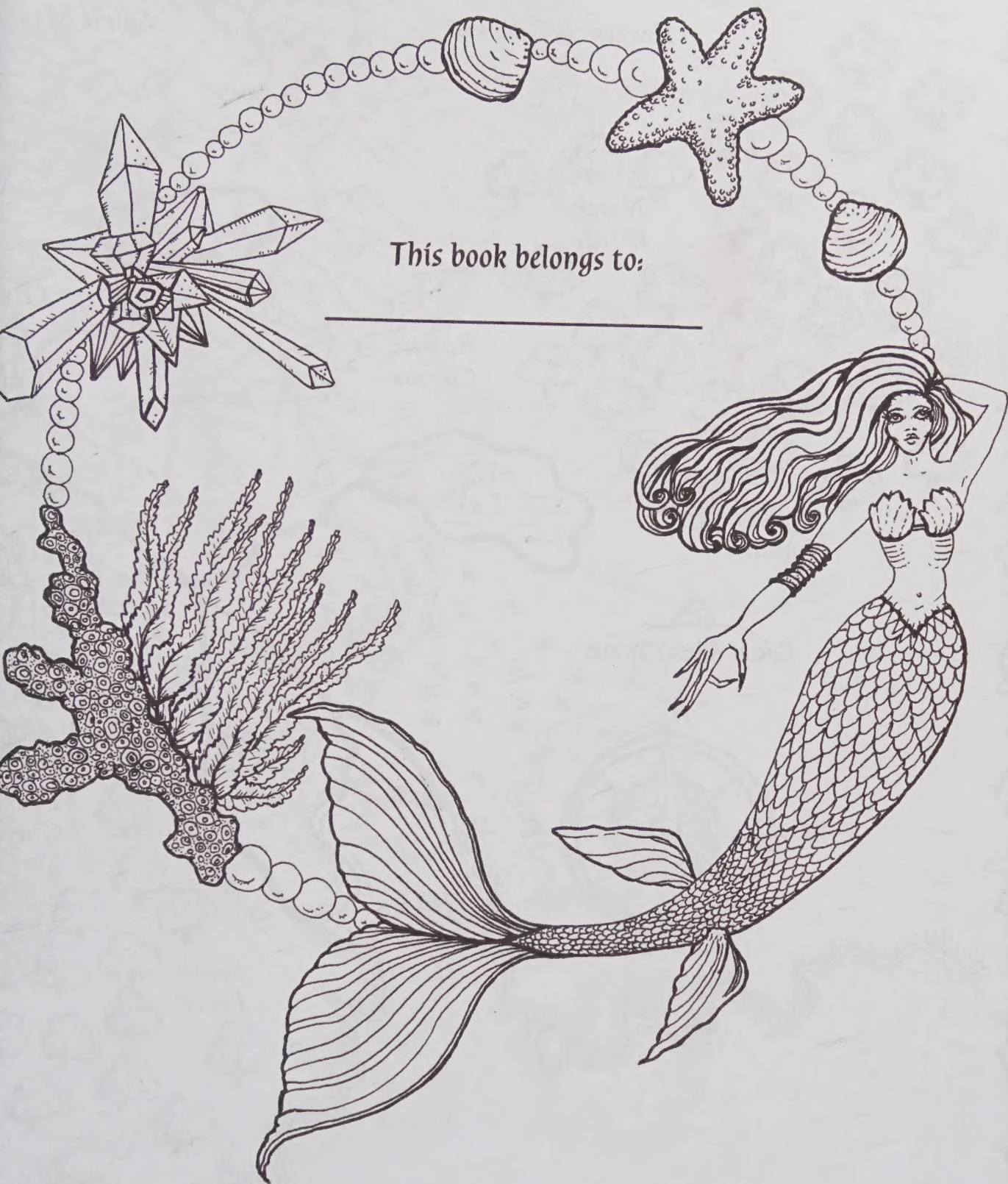
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The Mystical Lands Chronicles

The Mystical Lands Chronicles: Book One: Secrets of the Crystal Sea





This book belongs to:

Frozen Wilderness

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Gelrus River

*The
Sacred
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Bon River

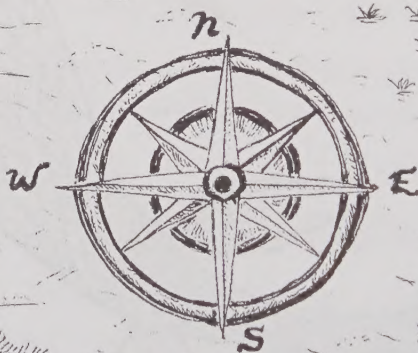
Pax

*Faerie
Glayde*

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Crobia*

Shamus River

*South
Forest*







CHARMED
LAKE

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WICKED
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SHOALS

PORT OF
HALLOWIND

MYSTIC
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KELSWYCH

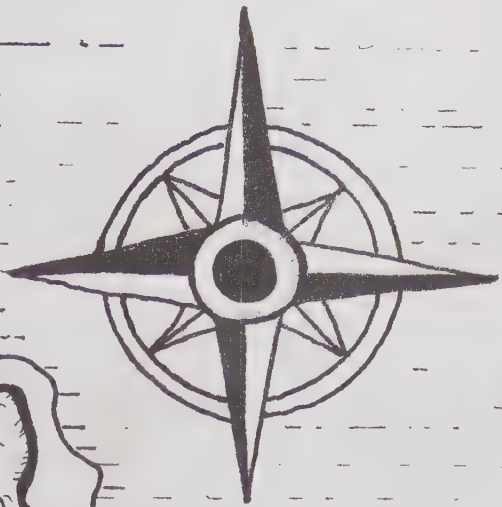




KLYNNADRA



FROZEN
LANDS



HIGH BRIDGE

FAE
MOUNTAINS

LOCH
LUNA

THE TEMPLE

RAVEN'S POINT

GNOME
ISLES

WHISPER WOODS

SOUTH CITADEL



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PLEASE NOTE: This book contains thirty new hand-drawn illustrations. Pages are printed on one side only, so that virtually any media may be used. It is recommended to insert a blotter paper beneath the page you are coloring.



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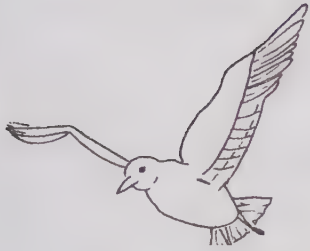
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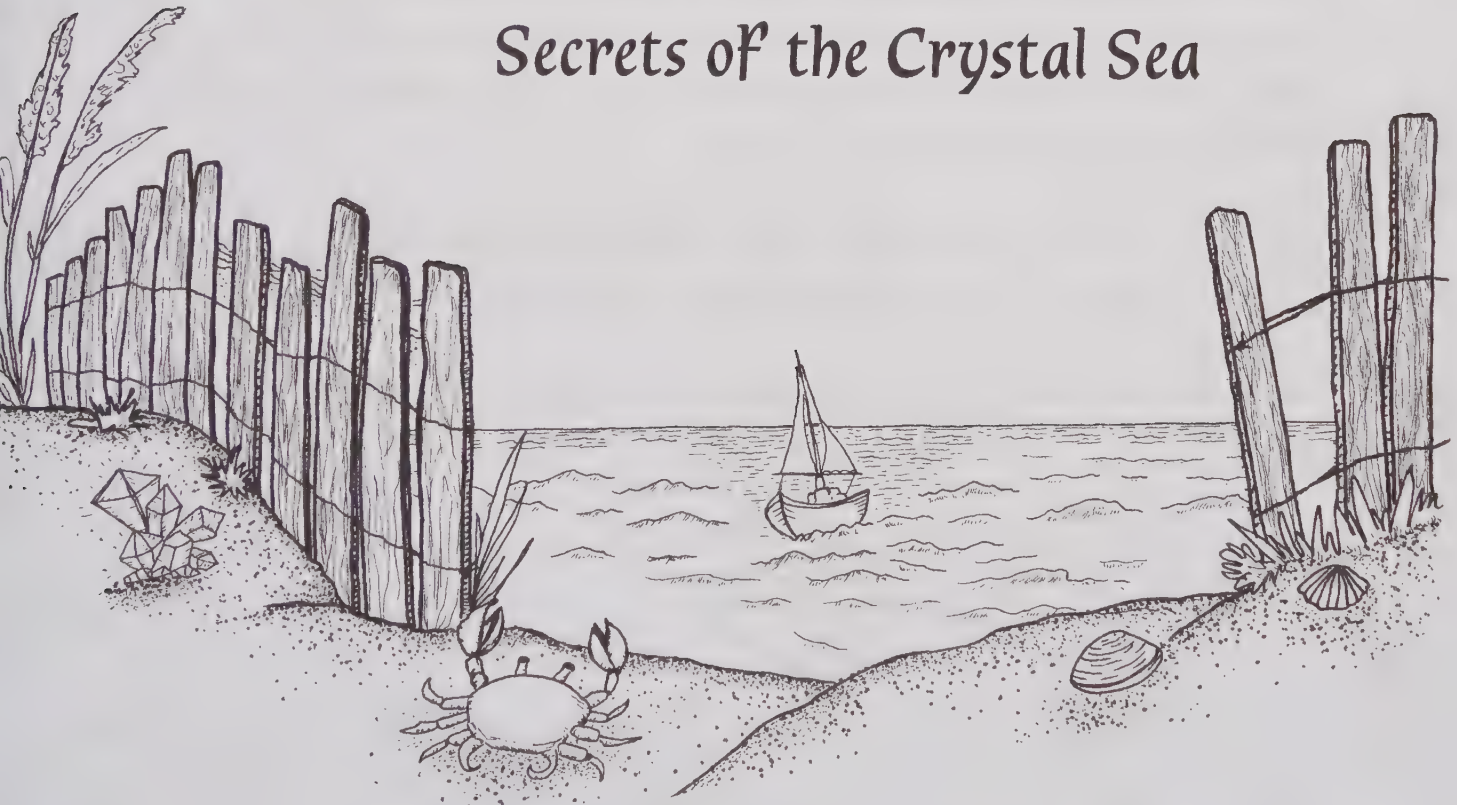
Adult Coloring Book Adventures

The Mystical Lands.[®] Chronicles



Book One

Secrets of the Crystal Sea



Hand-drawn Pen and Ink Illustrations by

KAREN E. MYERS



Secrets of the Crystal Sea



Welcome to the Mystical Lands! For years, I have been creating and illustrating a fantasy realm full of tiny fairy houses, mystical creatures, and magical scenes. Through my Mystical Lands coloring books, I've invited you to explore the fairytale lands of this curious and enchanted world.

Now, I'm excited to open the door further and let you into its secret origin story with the first installment of *The Mystical Lands Chronicles*.

This tale is designed for anyone aged 10-110 who loves fantasy and fairytale stories (some material might not be suitable for very young children). Follow fourteen-year-old Lyla as she embarks on a quest to save the Mystical Lands from a mysterious evil force by uncovering the Secrets of the Crystal Sea. Let your imagination run wild as you color along while reading this captivating story.

It's time to escape reality and explore the otherworldly wonders of the Mystical Lands. May your journey be an exciting one!

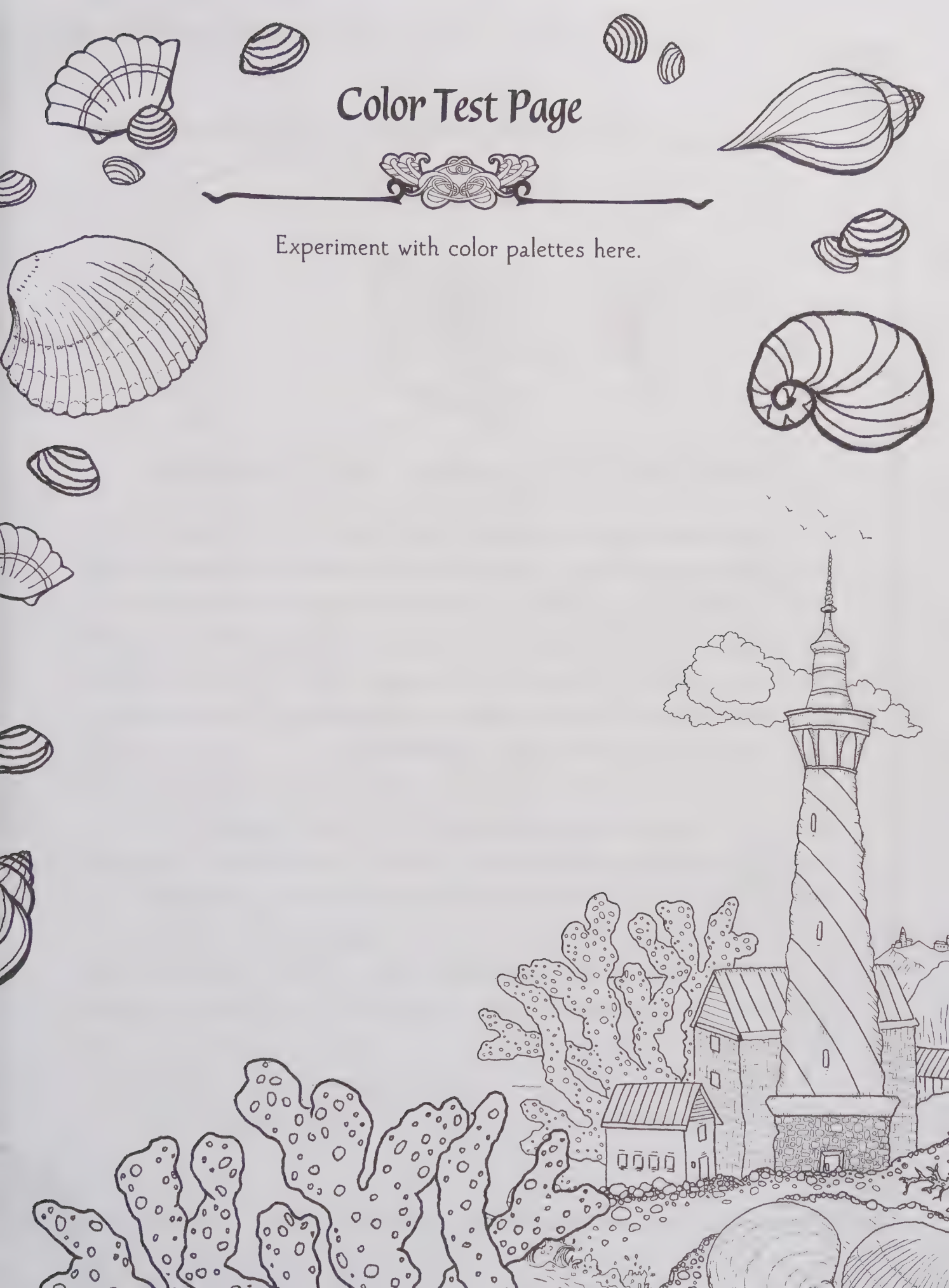
What hidden Secrets of the Crystal Sea will you uncover.....and color?

Karen E. Myers



Color Test Page

Experiment with color palettes here.



PROLOGUE



THE YEAR 511 A.G.R. (AFTER THE GREAT RENEWING)

Hope seemed lost until the old men discovered the dilapidated ruins of the seaside library, because from the debris, they unearthed the Ancient Books. The great library, which had once risen as an imposing, towering edifice above the rocky coastline, now lay in shambles—little more than a pile of rubble. Finding the Books intact was a miracle, because the Event had obliterated almost everything on the planet. The Books had been somehow spared from a fate of destruction.

The Ancient Books were the key to their past, the time before the Great Renewing, and the period just after the Great Renewing, when the new world had been ushered into the Mystical Lands. Prior to uncovering the knowledge in the ancient texts, the only accounts of their past were stories that had been passed down through the oral tradition for generations. The wise alchemists of the Order of Truth had believed the tales concerning the Ancient Books, and they had risked their lives in the dangerous quest to locate them.

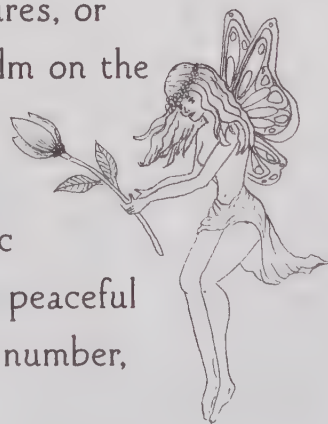
The volumes had been treated with great reverence in their day. Each one was bound in fine, soft leather. The gold leaf inlays on their

spines had been worn with age, but the engraved characters that embossed their covers remained surprisingly intact. A treasure trove of historical knowledge, the manuscripts contained the wisdom of the Ancients, and the keys to the past.

Within the pages were stories of the myriad conflicts that had gripped the lands. The writings confirmed the veracity of their folklore, and the volumes provided the solitary surviving written account of the Prophecy of the Protector, which was known only to a few from the legends that had been recited for so long.

As recorded in the Books, eons ago, the world had been home to a race of humans, overspreading the Mystical Lands of Uchana, Klynnadra, Kelswych, Onnyxe, and distant territories yet uncharted. Over time, these humans became increasingly corrupt and polarized, so much so that eventually their wickedness caused a cataclysmic energy shift of apocalyptic proportions. This event destabilized the energy fields, merging the planes of the physical and the spirit. This calamitous incident, which occurred 511 orbits before the alchemists found the Books, at the end of the 33rd Orbital Cycle, came to be known throughout the Mystical Lands as “The Great Renewing.”

After the Great Renewing, magical spirit creatures, or “Mysticals,” who were once confined to the spirit realm on the other side of the veil, took supreme position across the Mystical Lands. They acquired physical bodies or inhabited the trees, mushrooms, and other organic material, while retaining their magical abilities. These peaceful Mysticals held dominion over the lands and grew in number, creating settlements across the globe.



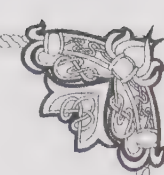
The Mysticals were comprised of many races, including the

fairies, merfolk, gnomes, tree spirits, and mushroom people, among others. Each group was unique, yet all were united in their desire for peace and prosperity. They were descended from the Ancient Mysticals, the first magical beings ever to be created. Mysticals lived in harmony with the earth and were nourished by the vibrational nectar of its power. As they were the first to be endowed with supernatural gifts, they became the most magical of all beings in the universe. Their spirits reverberated with the living pulse of the earth.

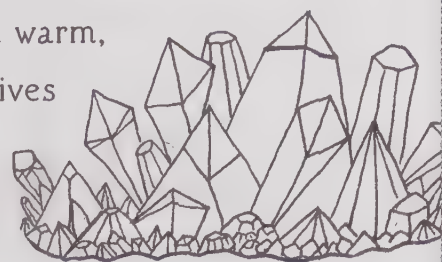
Following the Great Renewing, humanity was no longer the dominant species in the Mystical Lands. Their numbers dwindled, resulting in them becoming a rare sight in the new world. The human survivors of the apocalypse made their home in a distant colony in the cold north, on the faraway Isle of Shadows. Wandering humans were rarely spotted by the Mysticals, and they had little influence in the new world. Only the most just and righteous of humanity had been left behind, as all those who were wicked and depraved had been wiped out in the disaster brought about by their corrupt ways.

Under the guidance of the Mysticals, the Mystical Lands became green and lush again, as they had been in the beginning. The seas were cleansed and became blue as sapphire, and the air was once again fresh and fragrant, with the smell of sweetgrass, moss, and morning dew. The sounds of the natural world filled the lands: the flittering of the leaves, the chirping of the birds, the





laughter of the fae, the melodic singing of the merfolk, and the rhythmic crashing of the surf. The whole world was transformed and restored. Once again, love and benevolence covered the lands like a warm, safe blanket, and the Mysticals lived their peaceful lives in cooperation and kindness with one another. The new world humans also lived a peaceful existence in their northern island home, tucked away from the rest of the Mystical Lands largely separated from the Mystical beings.



Part of the reason the restoration began so quickly after the Event was due to the mysterious, immense power of the Magic Crystals. It was up to the Brother Gnomes, a special clan of Mysticals, to dig deep into the land and the sea in search of these powerful gems, which were prized as an energy source. The crystals emitted an ethereal glow as they were mined and harvested. They could be utilized in a variety of ways, such as powering magical artifacts and amplifying a person's innate mystical abilities.

The most powerful magicians among the Mysticals were the Crystal Mages, who could employ the Magic Crystals to cast mighty spells or open portals to other realms and worlds. But no matter their skill level, all Mystical magicians stayed true to their code of using their magic for good.

The resourceful Mysticals worked hard to repair the devastation the humans had brought upon the lands, rebuilding houses, tending to farms and livestock, reinstating old trading pathways between villages, and preserving monuments from a bygone era. With each accomplishment, they regained faith in the future of their people, relieved that cruel humans were no longer in power.

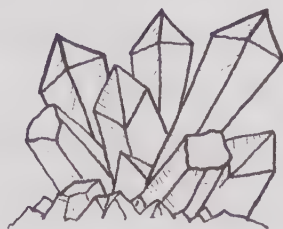


In the early days of the new world, the Prophecy of the Protector, which had been recorded in the Ancient Books, remained a mystery. No one knew exactly what it meant or what its outcome would be. But as the Mysticals worked together to rebuild the Mystical Lands, they held on to hope that one day they would discover the true meaning behind the puzzling prophecy.

Now, even those days were in the distant past. As the master alchemists cautiously examined the aged, brittle pages of the Ancient Books, they were eager to learn the truth of the events that transpired so long ago. Secrets of the past would give way to insights into the future.



PART ONE



LYLA'S CALLING, THE YEAR 10 A.G.R.

Lyla stood atop the sun-drenched hillside, looking out over the vibrant summer landscape. The setting sun illuminated the rolling hills and valleys with an orange glow. Pristine mountaintops peeked out from behind a layer of wispy clouds, forming a majestic backdrop for the lush forest below. Thick foliage lined the horizon, interrupted only by an occasional cluster of spindly trees. Lyla's heart swelled with joy at the sight, filling her with a sense of reverence for this beautiful new world. Far off in the distance, Lyla could see graceful creatures she had only glimpsed a few times before, their bodies shimmering with a flickering, magical light. These were the Mysticals, the benevolent rulers of this new world. Lyla was one of the few humans left behind by the Renewing, cast out of the ruined old world and into this idyllic new one. She felt a pang of loneliness knowing that almost all of her kind were gone, but she took solace in the fact that she was able to witness such a wondrous rebirth. Little did she know that before long, she would embark on a journey that would bring her face to face with evil.

Lyla had been traumatized by losing her father and brother in the Great Renewing. Although she had only been four years old at the time, the terrible events were forever carved into her memory. Her thoughts always drifted back to that horrible night, and she could still see the

red-tinged skies, smell the burning landscape, feel the rush of panic as she ran through streets of rubble and fire. Now, she tried her best to stay positive as she tended to her daily chores and responsibilities, but sometimes the flashbacks came unbidden.

She shared a little thatched roof cottage with her mother, who was loving and kind, but suffered from bouts of depression. Their cottage was as small as it was quaint, and a clear mountain stream ran past the house at the back of the property. The cottage was one of many that made up the small village of surviving humans. Nestled in the foothills of the Old Hills between the mountains and the sea, the village, called "Norshire," was a secluded little enclave in the mysterious new world.



Norshire's remote location kept it largely hidden from the Mystical Lands and the powerful Mysticals that inhabited them. Still, occasionally, some brave adventurers would set out to explore the remade world and learn the secrets of the kindly Mystical creatures and their control over the Magic Crystals. But tales told by the returning adventurers also involved a sinister Dark King and his Cursed Ones, who were determined to take the power of the Magic Crystals for themselves. Lyla's mother insisted these rumors were false, but something in Lyla's gut told her otherwise. Lyla knew that if the Cursed Ones succeeded in their mission, an age of darkness would fall upon them all—yet, at only fourteen years old, she felt entirely powerless to do anything about it.

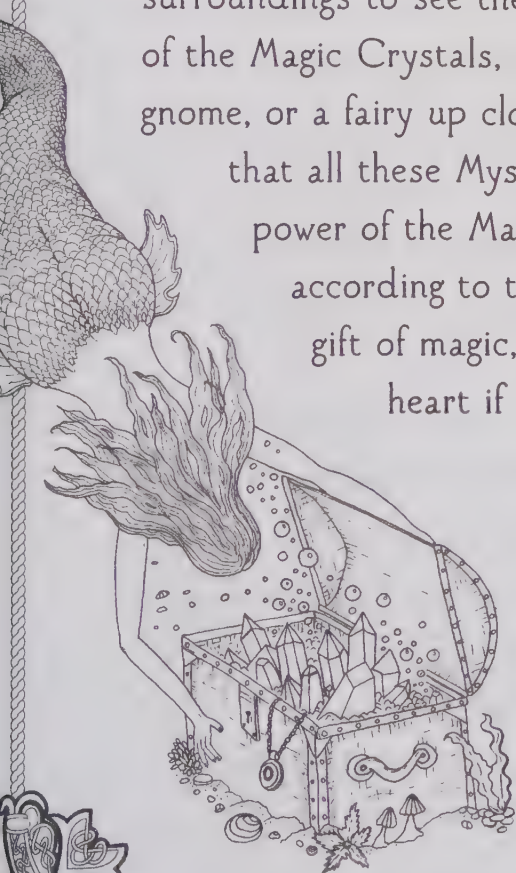
The returned wanderers would often huddle together around the fire, telling their stories, and Lyla would listen intently to their tales of exploration, trying to focus on the delightful stories and not the ones

that sent shivers down her spine. The adventurers regaled Norshire's residents with epic accounts of sailing across vast seas, braving storms, and encountering terrifying sea monsters. They spoke passionately about their encounters with the merfolk, reciting enthralling tales of mermaids and mermen helping to gather Magic Crystals from the ocean floor. The ocean waters shimmered in the light, they said, as if it were alive and dancing beneath the surface.

Listening to the tales, Lyla could almost hear the garbled drone of conversation under the sea as bizarre-looking fish watched curiously through bubble eyes. She imagined a world below where starfish twinkled like stars and seaweed swayed in hidden currents. As the travelers spoke, she felt herself being pulled into a magical realm that was both terrifying and captivating.

Lyla dreamed of one day leaving her village and its familiar surroundings to see the beauty of the ocean, to watch the harvesting of the Magic Crystals, and to possibly catch a glimpse of a mermaid, a gnome, or a fairy up close. From the voyagers' stories, she had learned that all these Mysticals had the gift of magic and could use the power of the Magic Crystals to achieve a great many things according to their will. Humans, of course, did not possess the gift of magic, but this confused Lyla, who wondered in her heart if she, too, might have magical abilities.

Lyla had always been a sensitive child, and she had trouble understanding the other children in the village. She was a loner, and preferred spending time in nature with the trees and animals to playing with the other children. She felt a special connection with



nature, and she was able to communicate with animals through her thoughts. She often wished she could have been born an animal instead of a human! Her mother always teased her about this, telling her that animals weren't nearly as happy as people were.

The wind whistled through the trees and rustled the tall grass. Lyla could hear birds, squirrels, and frogs as they began to settle down for the evening. In the breeze, she could smell the salty sea to the east and the fragrant cedar trees to the west. Below in the valley, she could see her village and the storybook cottages lined up in rows. Darkness was falling quickly, and a full moon hung in the sky like a silver lantern, illuminating the tops of the pine trees. Lyla knew it was time to return home. The late summer weather was becoming crisp and chilly, but not uncomfortable. Lyla enjoyed the sensation of a warm sea breeze from the east across her back as she carried the firewood she had collected for her mother.

Lyla began following the narrow dirt path that would lead her back to Norshire. The fireflies danced around her in the twilight. As she neared the village, she had the odd feeling that someone was watching or following her. She turned around to look, but there was no one there. Walking a few more steps, she saw an intense bright light on the path in front of her, just a few yards away.

As she walked closer to the pulsating light, Lyla recognized the shard on the path as a Magic Crystal. The brilliant blue light shimmered and shifted, like a living thing. Fascinated, she reached out with one hand and touched it. The crystal glowed bright as it crackled and hummed with power. As Lyla's fingertips made contact, a surge of energy raced through her body, sending tingles up and down her spine. She felt a sudden urge





to reach out and take the crystal in her hands, but at the same time a deep sense of dread filled her mind.

The woods around her seemed eerily still, as though the trees were expecting something to happen. Suddenly, Lyla heard a voice call out from behind her: "Take it!" Startled, she spun around to see who had spoken—but no one was there. Taking a few steps backward, she hesitated for only a moment before scooping up the mysterious crystal. It vibrated, still glowing, as she tucked it inside the pocket of her dress.

Lyla ran back home as quickly as possible, the feeling of someone watching still lingering around her like an invisible fog. As soon as she reached the safety of her cottage, Lyla closed the wooden door tightly behind her and placed the Magic Crystal on top of the fireplace mantle for safekeeping until morning. Her mother entered the room and stood in front of her, arms crossed over her chest, a look of concern etched onto her face.

"What is that?" her mother asked, voice heavy with suspicion.

"It's a special crystal," Lyla said, proudly. "I found it in the forest."

"A special crystal?" her mother inquired. "What do you need this for?"

"I think it might have unusual powers. It could help us to have a better future" Lyla replied, hoping to convince her mother of its value.

"Powers? You mean like witchcraft?" Her mother questioned with worry in her voice "You know how I feel about these things!"

Lyla's heart sank. She should have known that her mother would never approve of anything magical or mystical. Magic was forbidden for humans.

"Mother, it's not witchcraft," Lyla said softly. "It's just a crystal"



with special properties.”

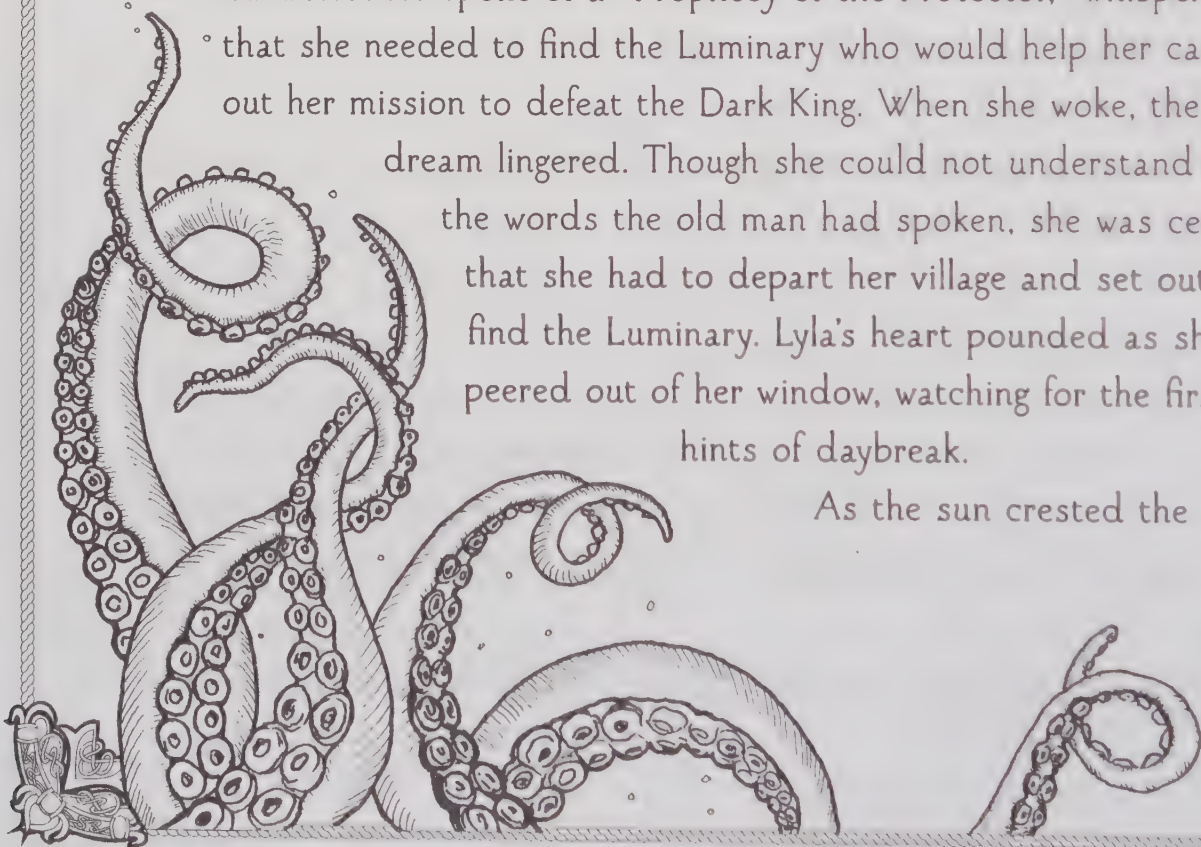
“I understand your fascination, dear,” her mother said softly. “But humans have no business with magic!”

Lyla picked up the Magic Crystal and closed her eyes, feeling its power coursing through her veins. She knew deep down she should do what her mother said, but something inside of her urged her to keep it.

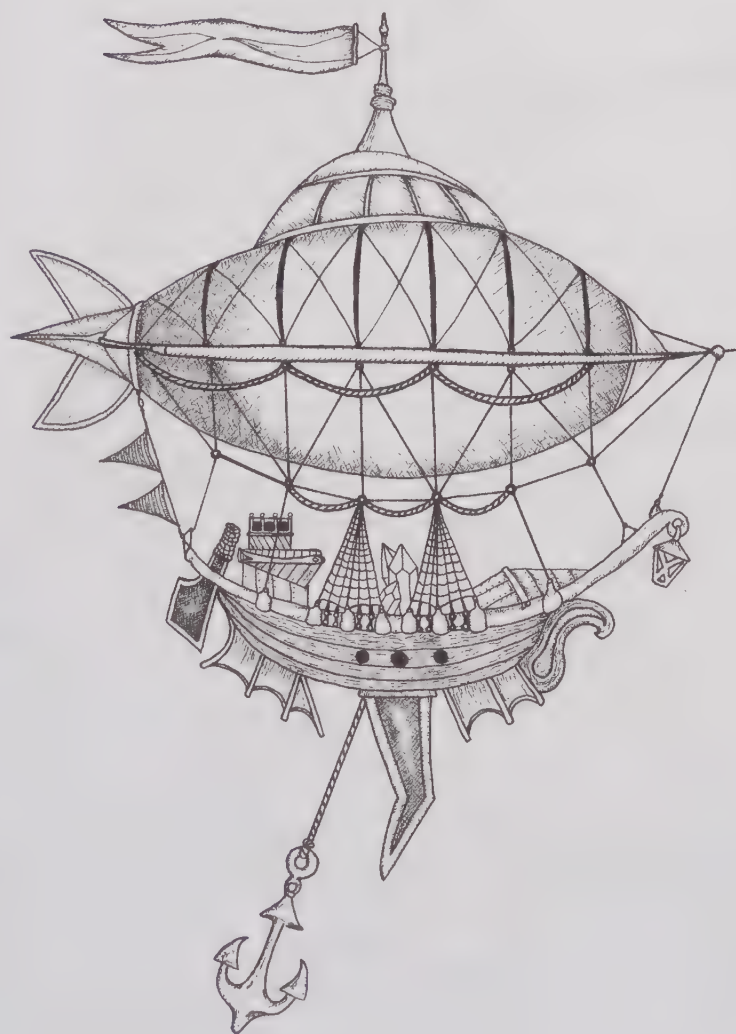
“I’m sorry, Mother,” Lyla replied softly, trying to hide the hint of defiance in her voice. “I will return it to the place where I found it first thing in the morning.” But Lyla had no intention of doing that—there was something about this crystal that called to her, and she would not ignore it.

That night, she dreamed of an old man with silver hair and gentle eyes telling her that the crystal was full of magical potential that would give her special powers—powers that would keep her village, and all the Mystical Lands, safe from wicked forces trying to control the new world. He spoke of a “Prophecy of the Protector,” whispering that she needed to find the Luminary who would help her carry out her mission to defeat the Dark King. When she woke, the dream lingered. Though she could not understand all the words the old man had spoken, she was certain that she had to depart her village and set out to find the Luminary. Lyla’s heart pounded as she peered out of her window, watching for the first hints of daybreak.

As the sun crested the



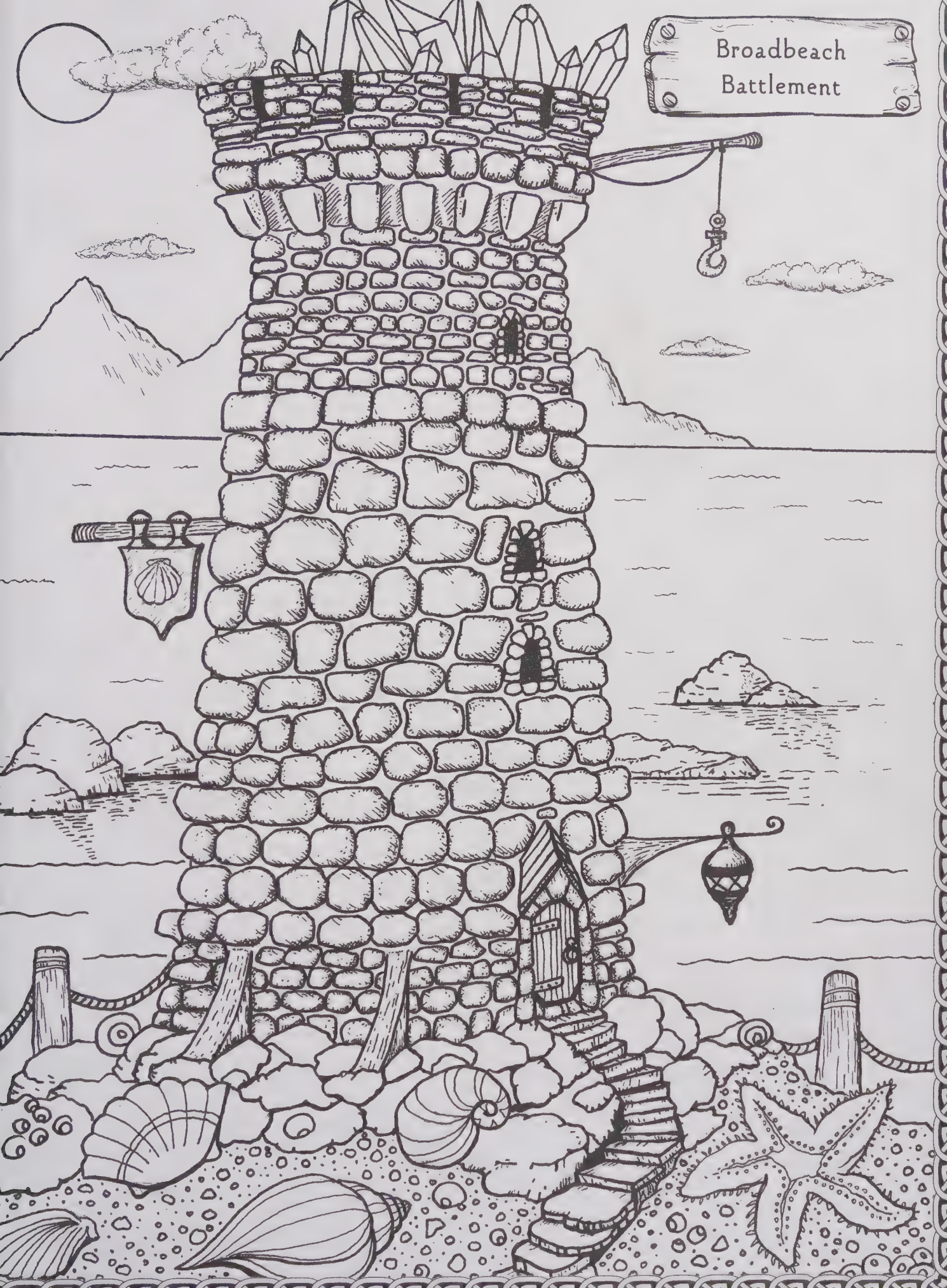
horizon, a sliver of golden light streamed through the shutters and highlighted the Magic Crystal, scattering a prism of rainbows across the floor and over the walls of the cottage. Somehow, Lyla knew this was her last opportunity to stop the Dark King before it was too late! Her small hands shook as dread overtook her at the thought of what lay ahead. She closed her trembling fingers around the Magic Crystal, knowing that no matter what she faced, she had been chosen for a reason.



Beacon of the
Crystal Sea



Broadbeach
Battlement

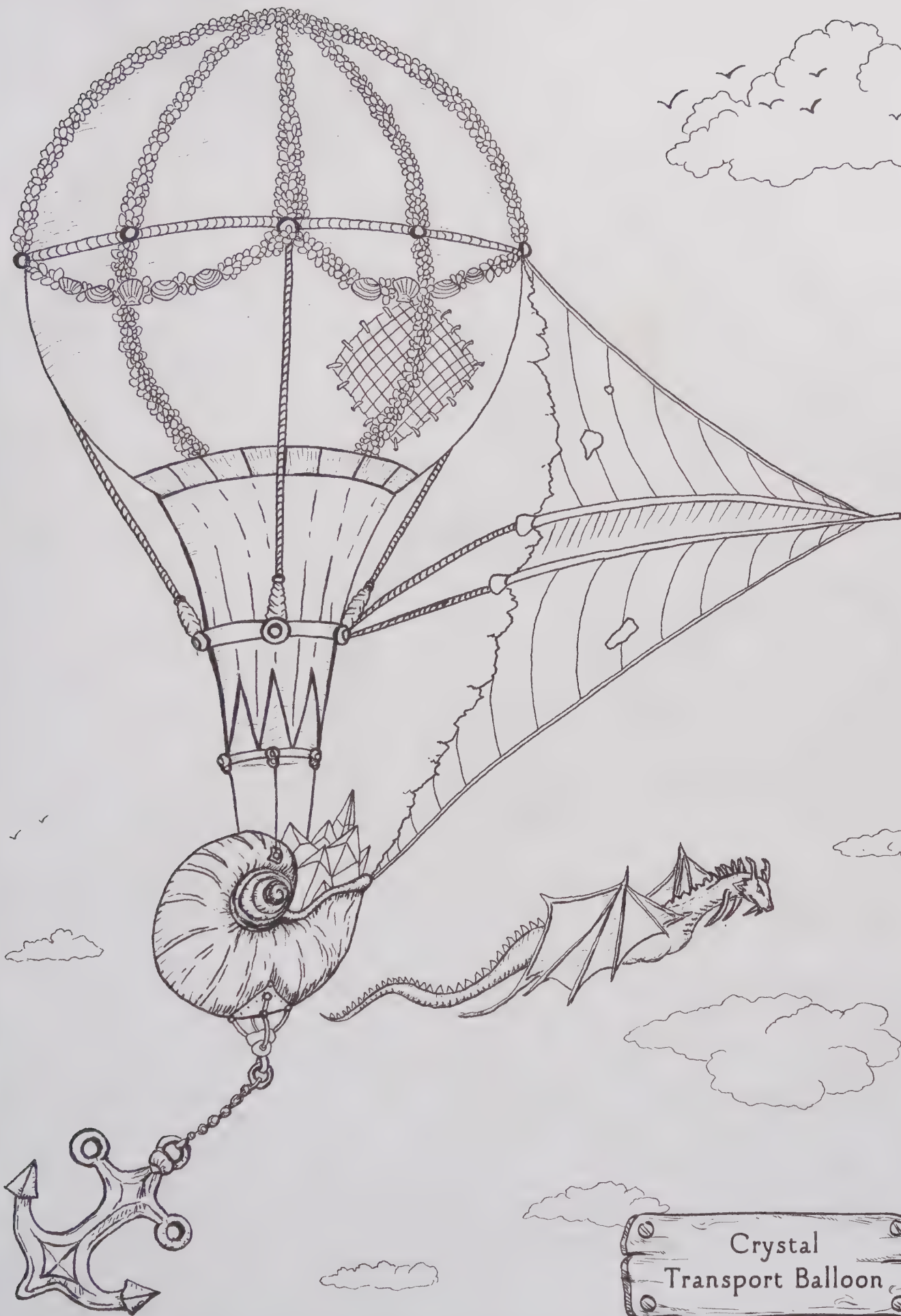




Crystal Bay



Crystal
Transformation
Station

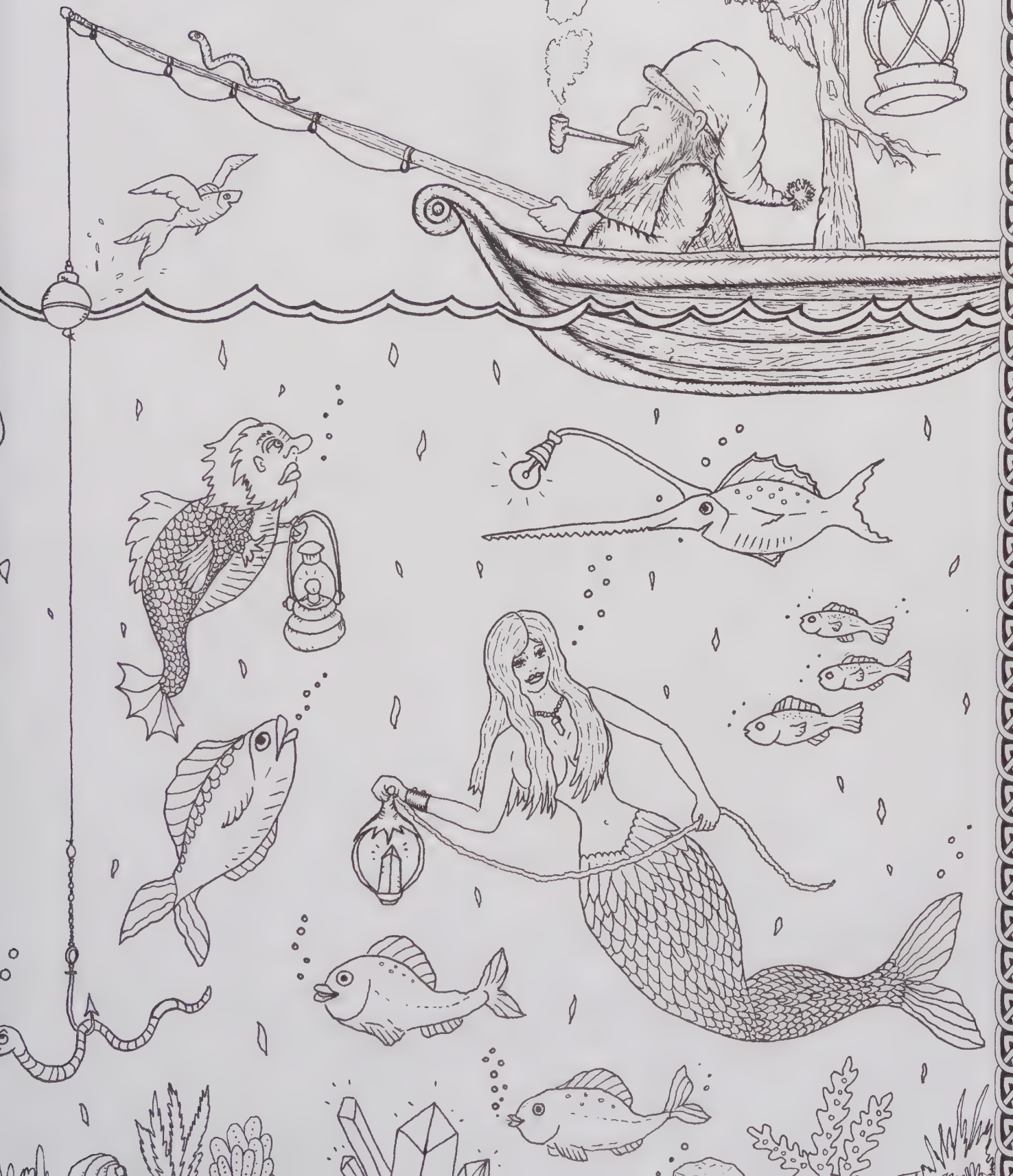


Crystal
Transport Balloon



Dragon Point

Gilmour's
Fishing Trip



Gnome and
Fairy Friends

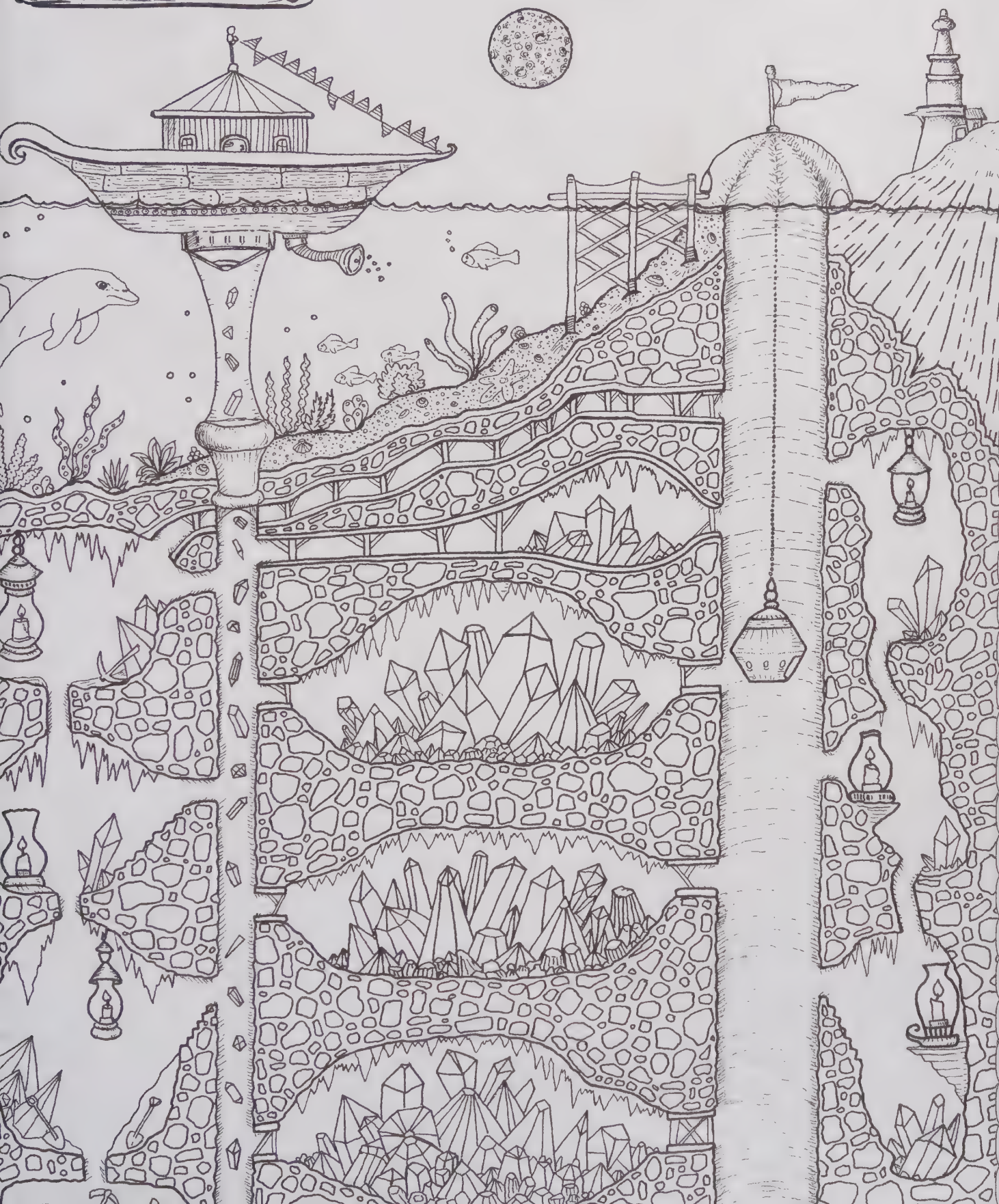




Gnome Isles
Beach Day



Gnome Isles
Mining Company







Grumpy's
Beach Shack



Grunkle's
Seaside Villa



Hawke Haven
Harbor



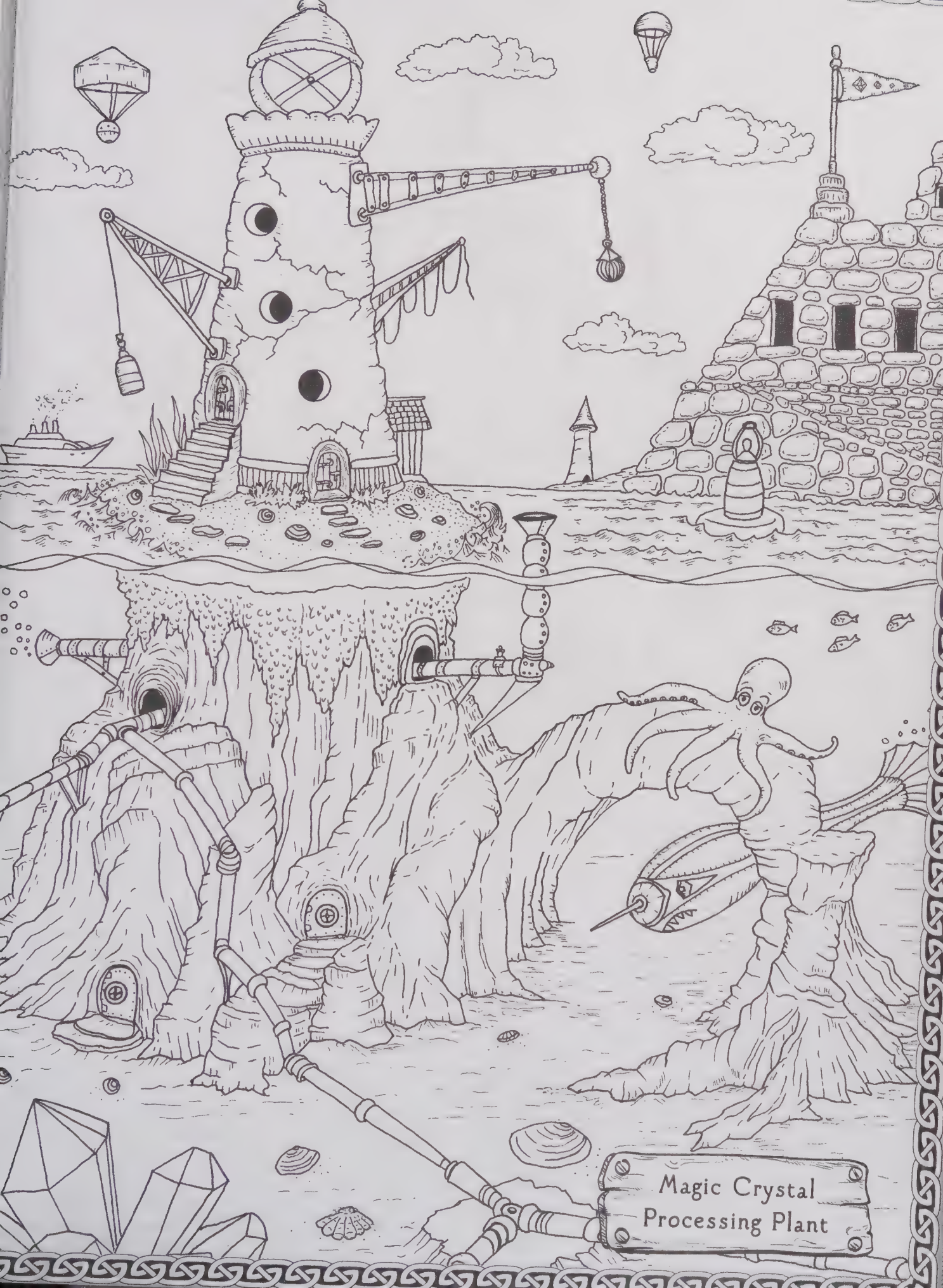
Keeper of
Crystals

Lair of the
Dark King

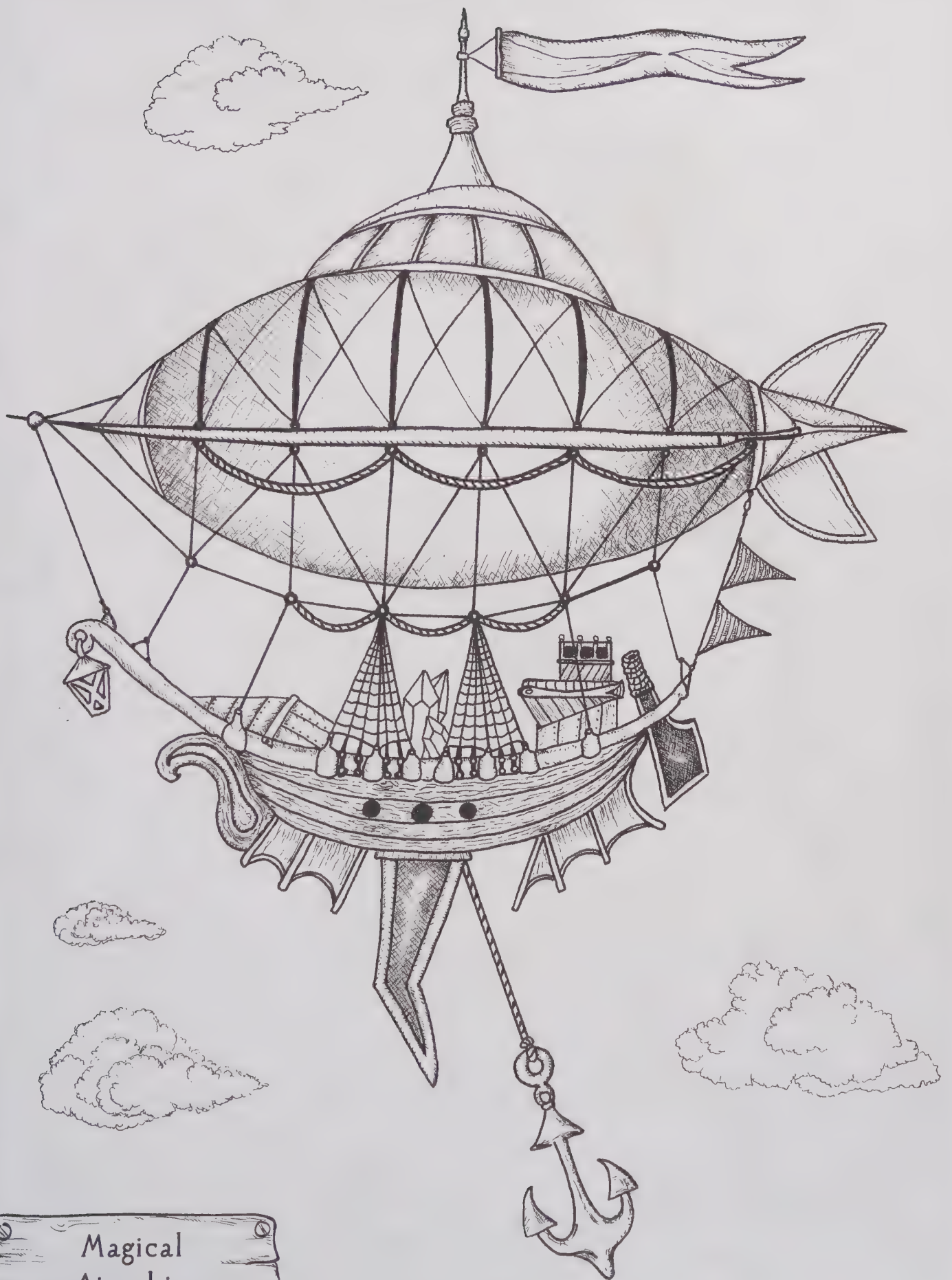




Lyla's
Cottage



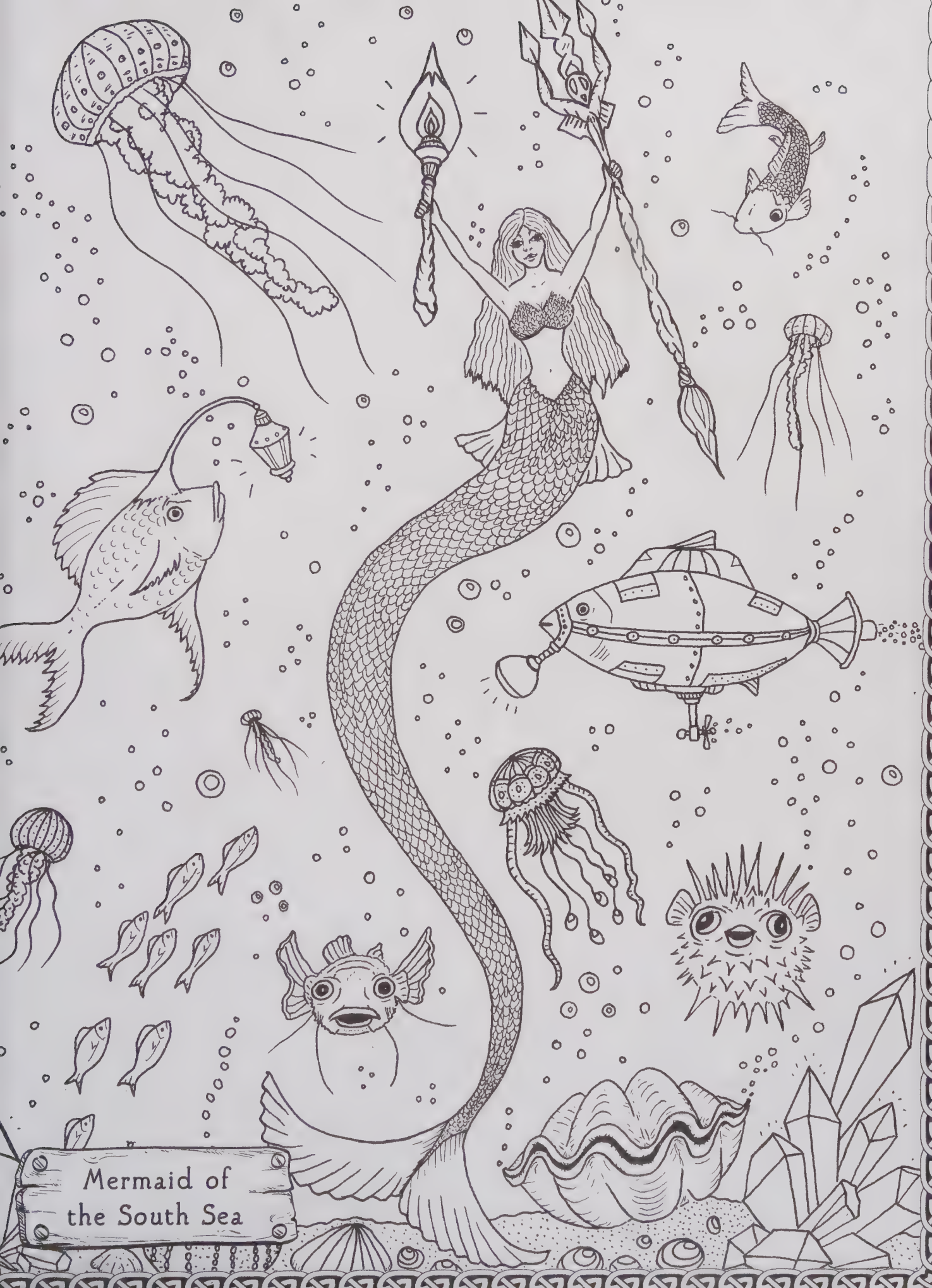
Magic Crystal
Processing Plant



Magical
Aireship

Merfolk and
Friend





Mermaid of
the South Sea

Port Pechin
Fish Market





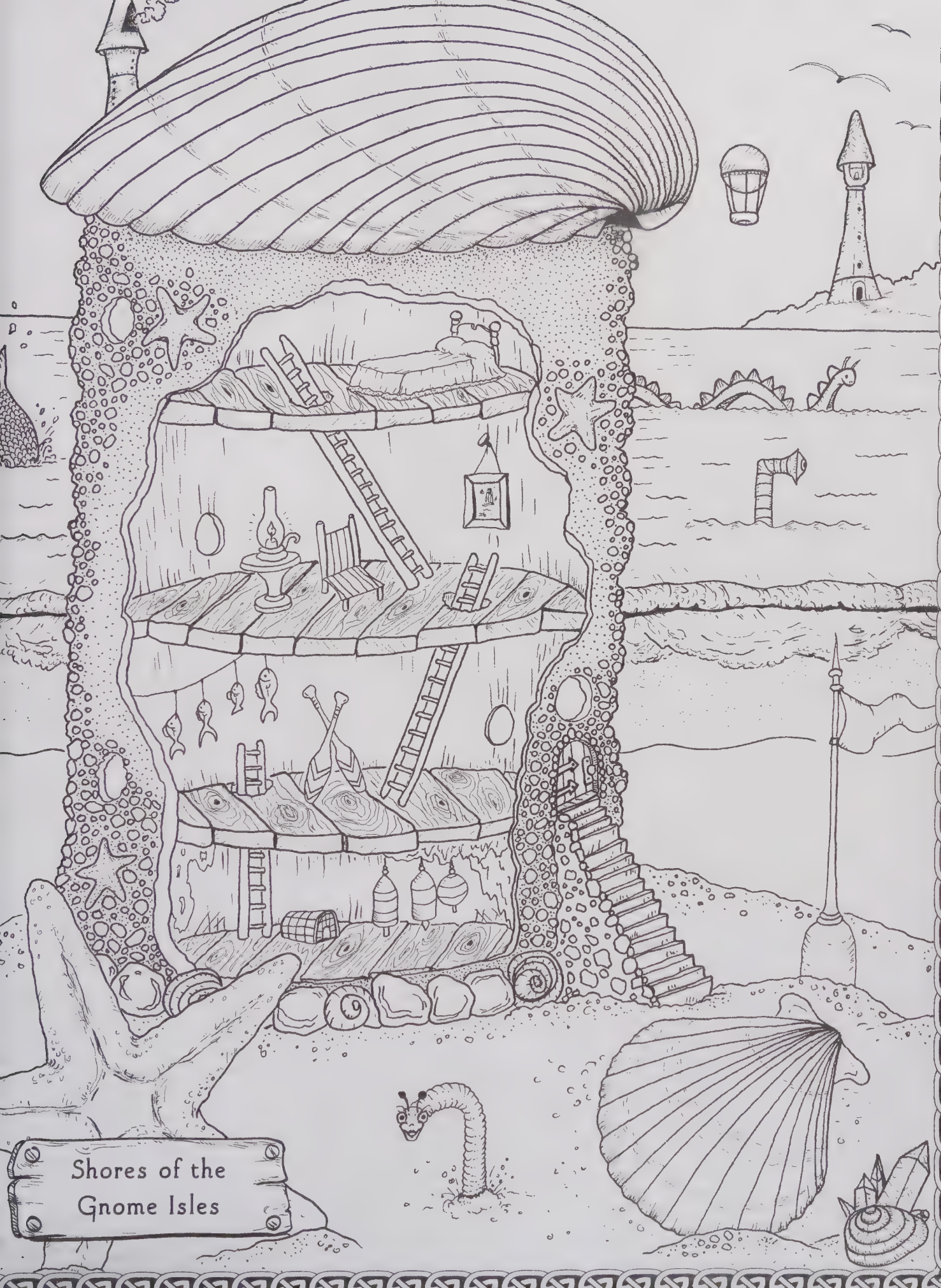
Raven's Pointe
Light

Seafloor City





Seashell
Cottage



Shores of the
Gnome Isles



South Island
Settlement



The Ancient
Books

The Shapeshifter





Treasure
Trove

MYSTICAL CREATURE GLOSSARY



FAE or FAIRY FOLK

The diminutive fae, or fairy folk, appear similar to elves (only much smaller). Their delicate beauty is remarkable; their hair is so fine and transparent that it appears like cobwebs, and their translucent skin is the color of a shimmery morning sky. Fairies inhabit rotting tree stumps, mushroom houses, discarded teacups, and countless other forest-hiding places where they sleep upon tiny beds of pillow-soft moss.

Shy by nature, the fairies prefer to stay hidden and are rarely sighted. Instead, they dedicate themselves to caring for and guarding the wild animals of the woods, often using nature and elemental magic and medicinal herbs harvested from the forest floor to heal wounded creatures. The fae draw upon the elements of fire, water, ice, or stone to yield astonishing results. They use their magic defensively to protect their families, homes, and villages. They understand the importance of balance between all life forms and tend carefully to all aspects of nature.



GNOMES

Gnomes are small and human-like, with squat round bodies and short arms and legs. Their noses and ears appear out of proportion to their faces. Gnomes toil happily in the fields, work at their trades, and maintain hearth and home. They live in cozy mushroom cottages and hollow log houses filled with the aroma of freshly baked bread, sweet pies, roasting root vegetables, and fruit. The gnomes are excellent miners; many labor in the Magic Crystal Mines. Though gruff or cantankerous on the surface, they are surprisingly kind beneath their façade. Family is of utmost importance to them. As a result, they often have multiple offspring.

A special clan of gnomes joyfully labors in the multitude of Crystal Mines where they harvest Magic Crystals. These “Brother Gnomes” belong to the “Brotherhood of the Order of the Luminous Crystal.”





MUSHROOM PEOPLE

The tiny mushroom people typically have a soft, round faces with big, black eyes and smooth, luminous skin. They have no feet but possess a mass of fine, tangled roots that dive deep into the dirt of the woodland floor. They smell faintly of damp forest soil, moss, and fungus. Usually quiet, like the trees, they are primarily shy creatures of the darkness. As silent sentinels, they watch over the forest with their cousins, the tree spirits.



TREE SPIRITS or DRYADS

The tree spirits, or “dryads,” are a beautiful and majestic sight to behold: their lumpy bark-covered bodies are made of living wood, and their leaves twinkle like stained glass in the sun with a rainbow of shifting colors. They quietly emanate a muffled, soft rumble, a gentle creaking, and sometimes a tranquil rustling sound when the wind blows through their leaves. The trees stand tall and wise, ever vigilant for danger in the woods. They serve as sage guardians keeping watch in the forest.

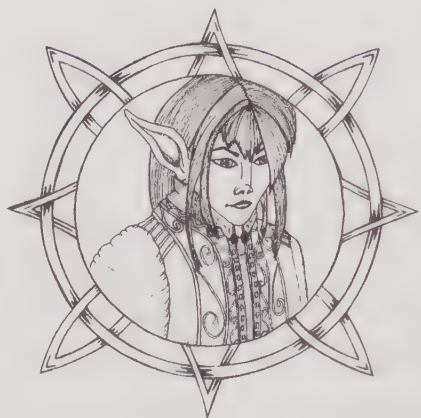


MERFOLK

The merfolk are best known for the fish tails that protrude from their lower back and their ability to breathe easily underwater. They are a graceful sort with delicate facial features. Merfolk can “sing” underwater using a language unknown to other Mysticals. They make their watery homes in rocky caves in the ocean’s darkest depths, where they look out for the defenseless aquatic creatures, protecting them from harm.

Unlike other Mysticals, the merfolk can be fiercely territorial; they guard their waters jealously and will not hesitate to punish those who dare threaten their home. Despite this, however, they remain peaceful by nature and only resort to violence if circumstances demand it. Some merfolk help to gather the Magic Crystals from the sea floor.

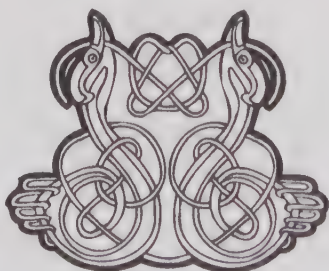


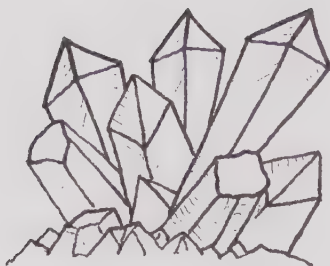


ELVES

Elves are an elite group highly adept in magic and healing. To catch a glimpse of them is a wondrous gift and a revelation that leaves the beholder breathless. Elves are fantastic beings that live in misty, green forests. They glide through the trees with unmatched grace. Though their porcelain skin is pale like the moon, their beauty is unsurpassed. They are tall and slender, wearing simple, tailored clothes and exquisitely detailed jewelry.

Their elegant features, fluid movements, and beautiful surroundings make them appear to be creatures from a dream. Certain elves have aspired to the noble title of Crystal Mage, a prestigious class of sorcerers who specialize in manipulating Crystal Magic.





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Thank you for visiting the Mystical Lands!

-KAREN E. MYERS



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Secrets of the Crystal Sea

The fate of the Mystical Lands rests in the hands of Lyla, an ordinary fourteen-year-old girl. After discovering a Magic Crystal and having a dream that reveals her role in an ancient prophecy, Lyla embarks on an epic quest to save the secret realms from a malevolent evil force.

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KAREN E. MYERS has been drawing fantasy themes since the age of four. Her hand-drawn coloring books are loved the world over. Karen resides with her husband and dogs in the rural countryside of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

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